



83

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



Capilla
McFarlane

D

TODD McFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENT...

THE CONQUEROR

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SPAWN 82 Summary

Billy Kincaid's ghost taunts Spawn about the recent innocent murders. Not only has Spawn been unable to prevent the killing of innocent people, but Billy warns him that things are just getting started. Elsewhere, Sam's wife and son become hostages on the commuter train. When Spawn intervenes to save the innocent people on the train, the gunman is inadvertently killed and becomes one of Billy Kincaid's ghostly crew. Later, Granny Blake feels Billy's ghostly presence and protectively warns him away from her family.

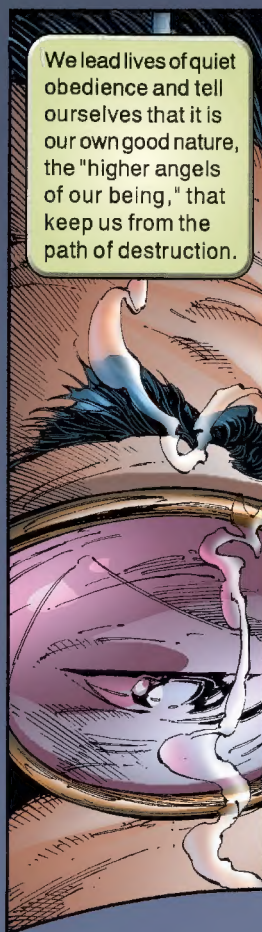
DEDICATED TO

Phillip Ozersky



We all have our ghosts.

Each of us is far closer to the brink of madness than we would ever care to admit.

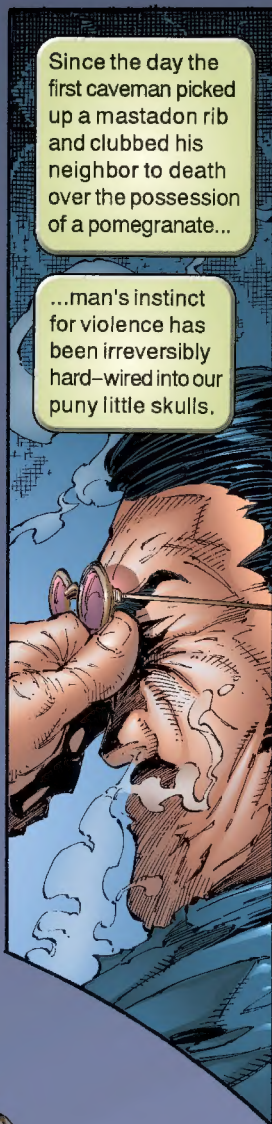


We lead lives of quiet obedience and tell ourselves that it is our own good nature, the "higher angels of our being," that keep us from the path of destruction.



That is a lie. It is FEAR that keeps our appetites in check. Fear that the entire world may grind to a clumsy halt if we dare upset its delicate balance.

We are all born with a taste for blood in our mouths.



Since the day the first caveman picked up a mastadon rib and clubbed his neighbor to death over the possession of a pomegranate...

...man's instinct for violence has been irreversibly hard-wired into our puny little skulls.

A small, stabbing voice in the back of our head, telling us to take what we want. To stab our neighbor in the back. After all, doesn't he deserve it?

Usually we can ignore that voice. Brush it aside. We would never dare admit to such thoughts in polite company.

But sometimes, we listen to it...



Sometimes, we get up in the morning, decide we have had enough, and calmly, methodically proceed to do the UNTHINKABLE...



Esther Paxney, 51, had worked as a lunch lady at a Staten Island junior high school for more than 20 years.



Last week, out of the blue, she decides to dollop a spoonful of STRYCHNINE into each child's serving of apple sauce.



Forty children were hospitalized. Seven fatalities. She could offer no motive for her actions and died mysteriously while in police custody.

A day later... Peter Van Nies, an off-duty police officer from Trenton, N.J., is stuck in rush hour traffic on the Brooklyn Bridge. Like others, he loses his temper.



Unlike others, he stands on the roof of his Nissan and empties his service revolver into the neighboring cars before diving to his death off the bridge.

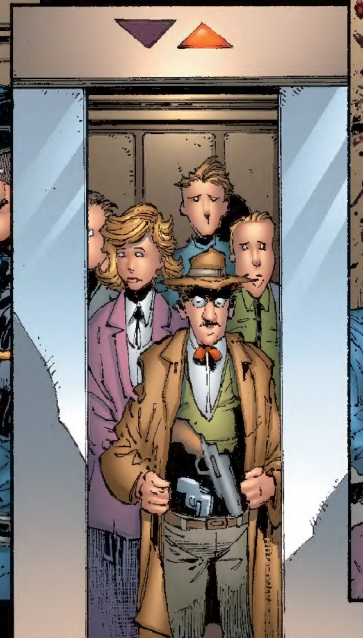


Three wounded, two dead.

Two days ago, Manhattan. Horace Mansard, a bank manager one month short of retirement, goes to work just as he does every day.

He enters the elevator, smiles his "good mornings" and presses the button for the 14th floor.

As soon as the doors close, he produces a sawn-off shotgun from under his coat and proceeds to kill the six other passengers in the elevator car...



...before turning the gun on himself.

Three more pearls on a lengthening string of violence.


As we race headlong toward the end of history, something has gone terribly wrong. There's blood in the water, folks.

What is it that is driving so many people over the edge?

What could possibly be possessing them?



The answer? Their own HUMANITY.



KINCAID IS BACK.

THOUGHT I WAS DOING THE
WORLD A SOLID FAVOR WHEN I
SENT THAT SCUMBAG TO HELL.

NO, THAT'S NOT TRUE. I WASN'T
THINKING ANYTHING. I JUST DID
IT. YOU MOLEST INNOCENT KIDS
AND KILL THEM, YOU DESERVE TO
DIE, SIMPLE
AS THAT.

BUT THE JOKE
WAS ON ME.
KILLING HIM
ONLY MADE HIM
STRONGER.

NOW HE'S BACK SOMEHOW,
WASHING THIS CITY IN BLOOD.
DRIVING PEOPLE TO GIVE IN TO
THEIR DARKEST IMPULSES...

... AND THEN
COLLECTING THEIR
DAMNED SOULS
FOR THE SINS HE
FORCED THEM
TO COMMIT.

I CAN HEAR
HIM LAUGHING
INSIDE MY HEAD.
HE'S LOVING
EVERY MINUTE
OF IT.

BUT IT'S NOT
JUST SPORT TO
HIM. HE WANTS
REVENGE ON
EVERYONE WHO
WRONGED HIM
IN LIFE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP HIM.
NO MATTER WHAT I DO... IT
TURNS WRONG.

I DON'T KNOW
WHERE TO TURN...

THREE
MILLION
BUCKS?!!
THREE MILLION
FREAKIN' DOLLARS
FOR A GODDAMN
BASEBALL..?

COUGH-
HAUCK-

BREATHE,
SIR. JUST
RELAX...

IN
FUTURE,
TRY
CHEWING
THE DOUGH-
NUTS.

GLUUPH-
GOD
DAMMIT!

CAN YOU BELIEVE
IT? YOU 'N' ME PUT TO-
GETHER ARE WORTH LESS
THAN ONE STITCH ON
THAT SUCKER.

IT DOES
SEEM
EXCESSIVE.
STILL, IF HE CAN
AFFORD
IT...

Oh, AND GET
THIS... HE'S FROM
CANADA. CROWN JEWEL
OF AMERICA'S PASTTIME BOUGHT
UP BY SOME NUTTY FOREIGNER...
GODDAMN NAFTA.

I HARDLY
THINK IT'S A
FAIR TRADE
ISSUE, SIR. LOOK
HERE. IT SAYS HE'S
PUTTING THE BALL
ON TOUR AND
DONATING THE
PROCEEDS TO
CHARITY...

YEAH, RIGHT.
BET HIS P.R. AGENT
MADE THAT UP TO
MAKE HIM LOOK GOOD.
LOOK AT THIS CLOWN.
WHAT A TOOL!
MAN, I HATE
RICH PEOPLE.



YOU GIRLS
HAVING FUN?
PEOPLE ARE
DYING OUT
THERE.

Ah,
JEEZ!

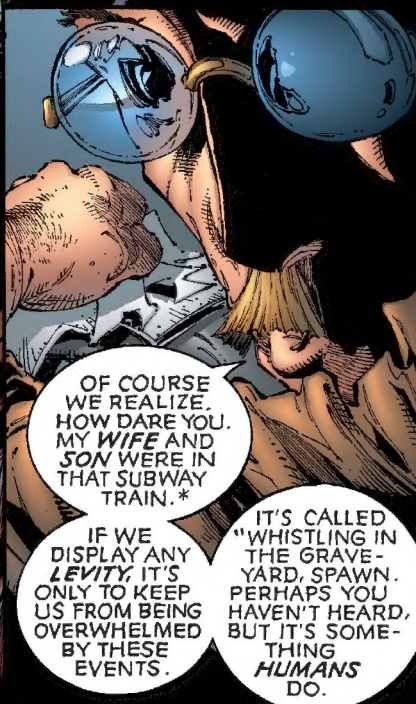


D'YA HAVE
TO DO THAT ALL
THE TIME, SPAWN?
MAYBE WE SHOULD
JUST GET YOU A
BAT-SIGNAL OR
SUMPHTHIN'.

WHAT IS IT
YOU PROPOSE
WE DO? THE
REALM OF THE
SUPERNATURAL
IS A BIT
BEYOND OUR
KEN.



I WANT
YOU TO STOP
SCREWING AROUND
AND FIGURE OUT
HOW TO STOP
KINCAID! DON'T
YOU REALIZE
WHAT'S AT
STAKE...



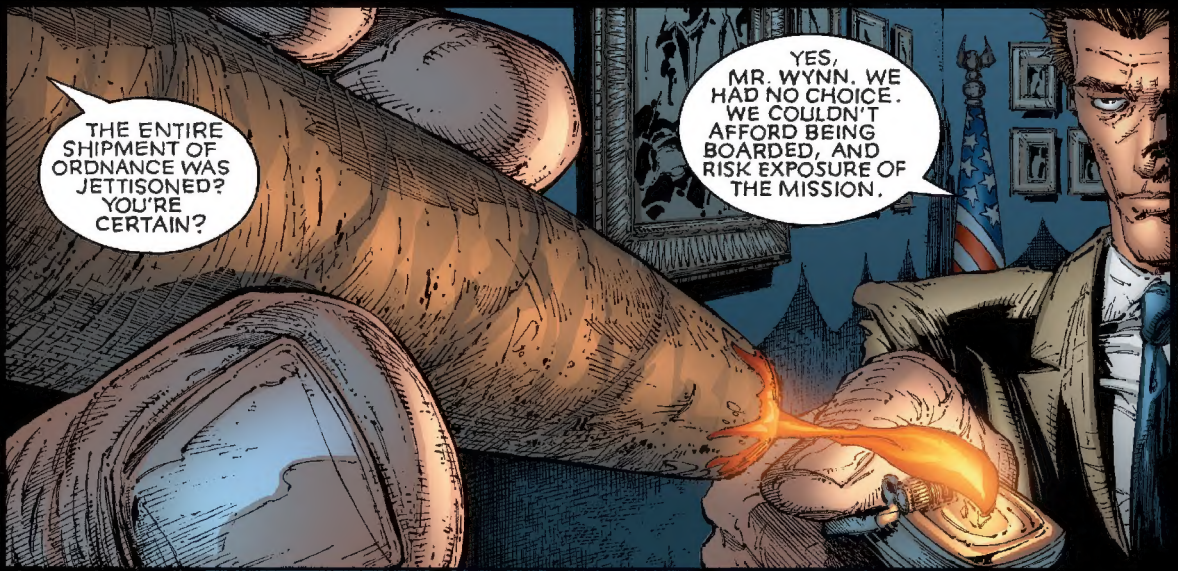
OF COURSE
WE REALIZE.
HOW DARE YOU.
MY *WIFE* AND
SON WERE IN
THAT SUBWAY
TRAIN.*

IF WE
DISPLAY ANY
LEVITY, IT'S
ONLY TO KEEP
US FROM BEING
OVERWHELMED
BY THESE
EVENTS.

IT'S CALLED
"WHISTLING IN
THE GRAVE-
YARD, SPAWN.
PERHAPS YOU
HAVEN'T HEARD,
BUT IT'S SOME-
THING
HUMANS
DO.



YOU'VE GOT
SOME BALLS ON
YOU, TWITCH. I'LL
GIVE YOU THAT. JUST
FIND A WAY TO STOP
THIS MADNESS.
FAST.



THE ENTIRE SHIPMENT OF ORDNANCE WAS JETTISONED? YOU'RE CERTAIN?

YES, MR. WYNN. WE HAD NO CHOICE. WE COULDN'T AFFORD BEING BOARDED, AND RISK EXPOSURE OF THE MISSION.

WHAT ABOUT WITNESSES? WHO ELSE KNOWS THIS?

NO ONE, SIR. ANY POTENTIAL WITNESSES WERE ELIMINATED BEFORE WE REACHED PORT. AFTER THAT, I CAME STRAIGHT TO YOU.

I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR DISAPPOINTMENT, SIR, BUT IT WAS A JUDGMENT CALL. I REALLY HAD NO ALTERNATIVE.

YOU DID THE *RIGHT* THING COMING TO ME RALEIGH.

THANK YOU, SIR.

WHILE IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT THE MISSION HAD TO BE SCRAPPED, YOU AT LEAST MANAGED TO STAVE OFF ANY FURTHER... MESSINESS.

WELL DONE.

THIS IS WYNN. AGENT RALEIGH HAS JUST LEFT MY OFFICE. SEE TO IT THAT HE IS *ERASED*, IMMEDIATELY.



JASON WYNN
IS A MAN ON
THE EDGE.

AMATEURS.
GODDAMN
IT... HEAD'S
KILLING ME.

FORMER DIRECTOR OF
U.S. GOVERNMENT
SECURITY, HE WAS
RECENTLY REASSIGNED
TO HEAD A NEW
SENSITIVE OPERATIONS
TASK FORCE.

NO ONE
WOULD DARE
CALL IT A
DEMOTION,
TO HIS FACE,
BUT HE KNOWS
THAT'S JUST
WHAT IT IS.

No... NO...
PLEASE
HAVE
MERCY!

HE CAN FEEL THE
PRESSURE
MOUNTING. THE
WOLVES ARE AT
THE DOOR.

Huh?

WHAT
THE
HELL WAS
THAT?

READY TO SNAP. ALL HE
NEEDS IS A LITTLE PUSH...

JASON WYNN IS A
MAN WHO CRAVES
ONE THING ABOVE
ALL ELSE:

CONTROL.

BUT THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE
INSIDE HIM. SOMETHING
RECKLESS AND RUTHLESS.

A VOICE, ROUGH AND COARSE,
THAT CALLS TO HIM:

TAKE WHAT YOU WANT.
DON'T LET ANYONE
STAND IN YOUR WAY.

THIS IS NO
TIME FOR
SUBTLE
MANEUVERS,
JASON. NO
TIME FOR
MACHIA-
VELLIAN
SCHEMING.

THIS IS A TIME
FOR SHEER,
BLOODY FORCE.

YES, JASON.
GIVE IN TO IT.
YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER IN
THE END...

IN THE DISTANCE, HE
HEARS WAR DRUMS
AND THE THUNDERING
OF HOVES...



Uhh...
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THE
COPIER,
SIR?

REPO'D.
ALONG WITH
SPEAKER
PHONES, THE
SURVEILLANCE
TOYS AND
HALF THE
FURNITURE.

I
SEE.

DO YA? 'CAUSE
I SEE US OPERATING
OUT OF A CARDBOARD
BOX IN GODDAMN SPAWN
ALLEY IF THINGS DON'T
TURN AROUND SOON.
MAN, WE WERE
THIS CLOSE.

WELL,
WE'LL
MAKE DO
WITH
WHAT WE
HAVE.

HOW DO YOU
DO IT, TWITCH? HOW
DO YOU STAY SO CALM?
I MEAN, YOU'RE LIKE AN
ICE MAN. DON'T YOU
GOT *NO* FEELINGS
OR NOTHIN'?

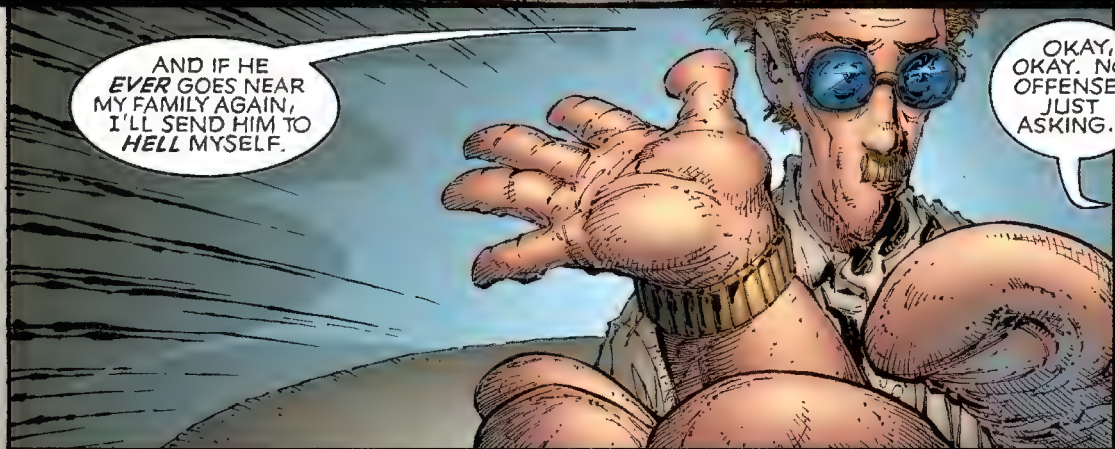
KINCAID WENT
AFTER MY FAMILY,
SAM. MY *FAMILY*. I
REMAIN CALM BE-
CAUSE IT'S THE BEST
WAY TO SOLVE THE
CASE BEFORE
US.


IF I LET MY
EMOTIONS GET THE
BETTER OF ME, THEN I
COULD GET SLOPPY. IF
I GET SLOPPY, I
COULD MISS
SOMETHING.

MAKE NO
MISTAKE. WE
WILL FIND A WAY
TO STOP KINCAID.
I DON'T KNOW
HOW, BUT
WE WILL.

AND IF HE
EVER GOES NEAR
MY FAMILY AGAIN,
I'LL SEND HIM TO
HELL MYSELF.

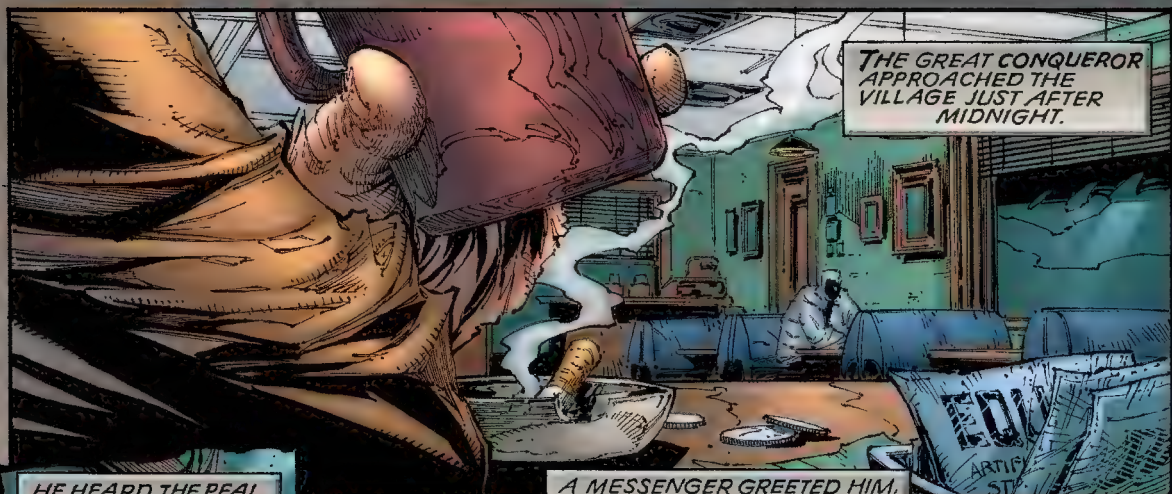
OKAY,
OKAY. NO
OFFENSE.
JUST
ASKING...





"SO, uh... HEY... SPEAKING OF MISSING ITEMS, WHAT DID YOU END UP DOING WITH THAT SEVERED HEAD BILLY LEFT US AS A VALENTINE?"

"DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, SIR. I HAD A FRIEND TAKE CARE OF IT. "



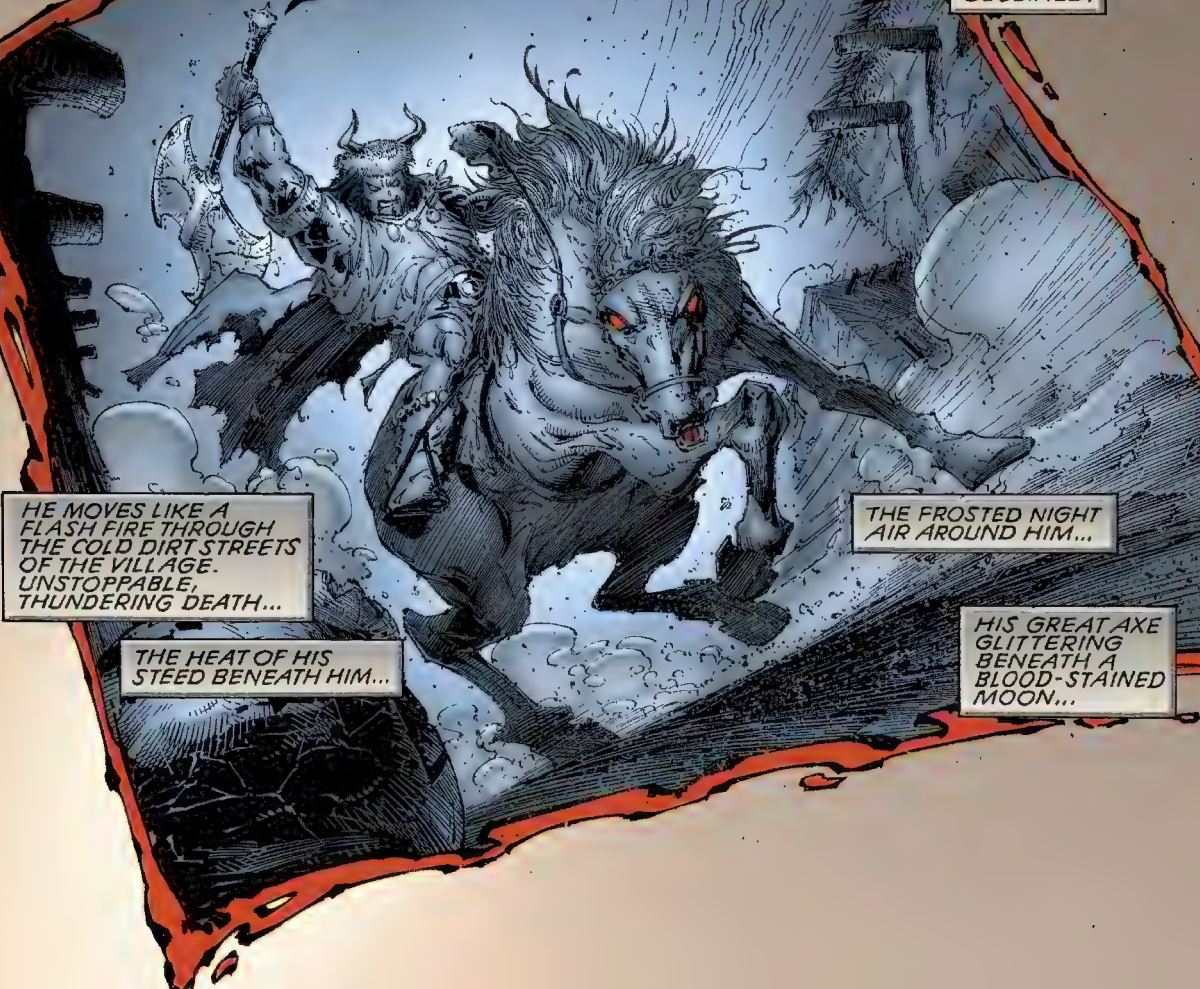
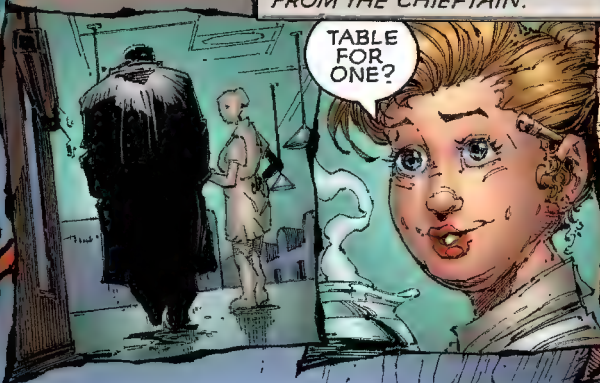
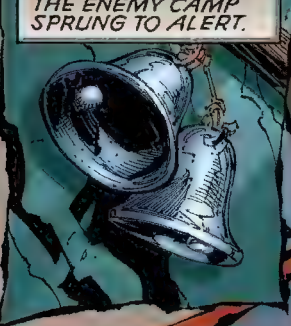
THE GREAT CONQUEROR
APPROACHED THE
VILLAGE JUST AFTER
MIDNIGHT.

HE HEARD THE PEAL
OF ALARM BELLS AS
THE ENEMY CAMP
SPRUNG TO ALERT.

A MESSENGER GREETED HIM,
OFFERING HIM TRIBUTE
FROM THE CHIEFTAIN.

TABLE
FOR
ONE?

HE
DECLINED.



HE MOVES LIKE A
FLASH FIRE THROUGH
THE COLD DIRT STREETS
OF THE VILLAGE.
UNSTOPPABLE,
THUNDERING DEATH...

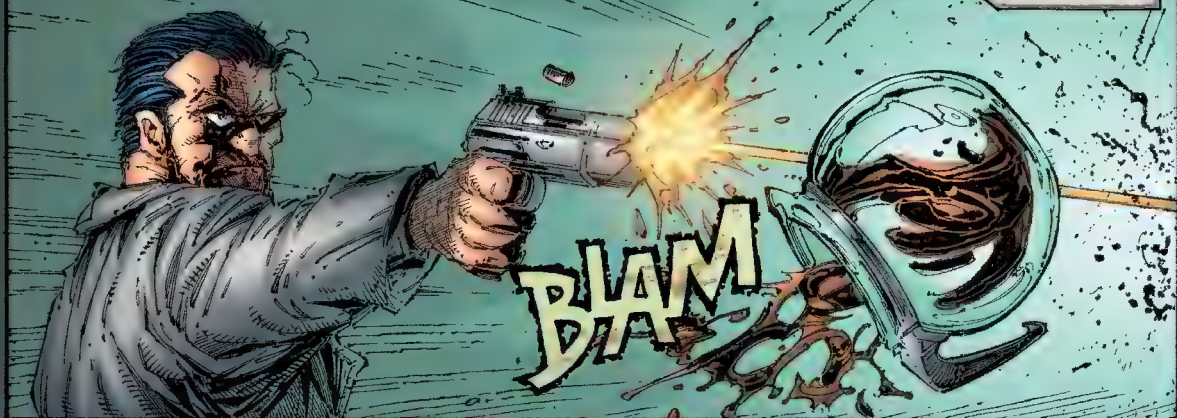
THE HEAT OF HIS
STEED BENEATH HIM...

THE FROSTED NIGHT
AIR AROUND HIM...

HIS GREAT AXE
GLITTERING
BENEATH A
BLOOD-STAINED
MOON...

THE GODLESS HORDES OF THE CONQUEROR MADE QUICK WORK OF THE VILLAGE.

ANOTHER TROPHY FOR HIS LODGE, ANOTHER PELT TO WARM HIM BY THE FIRE.



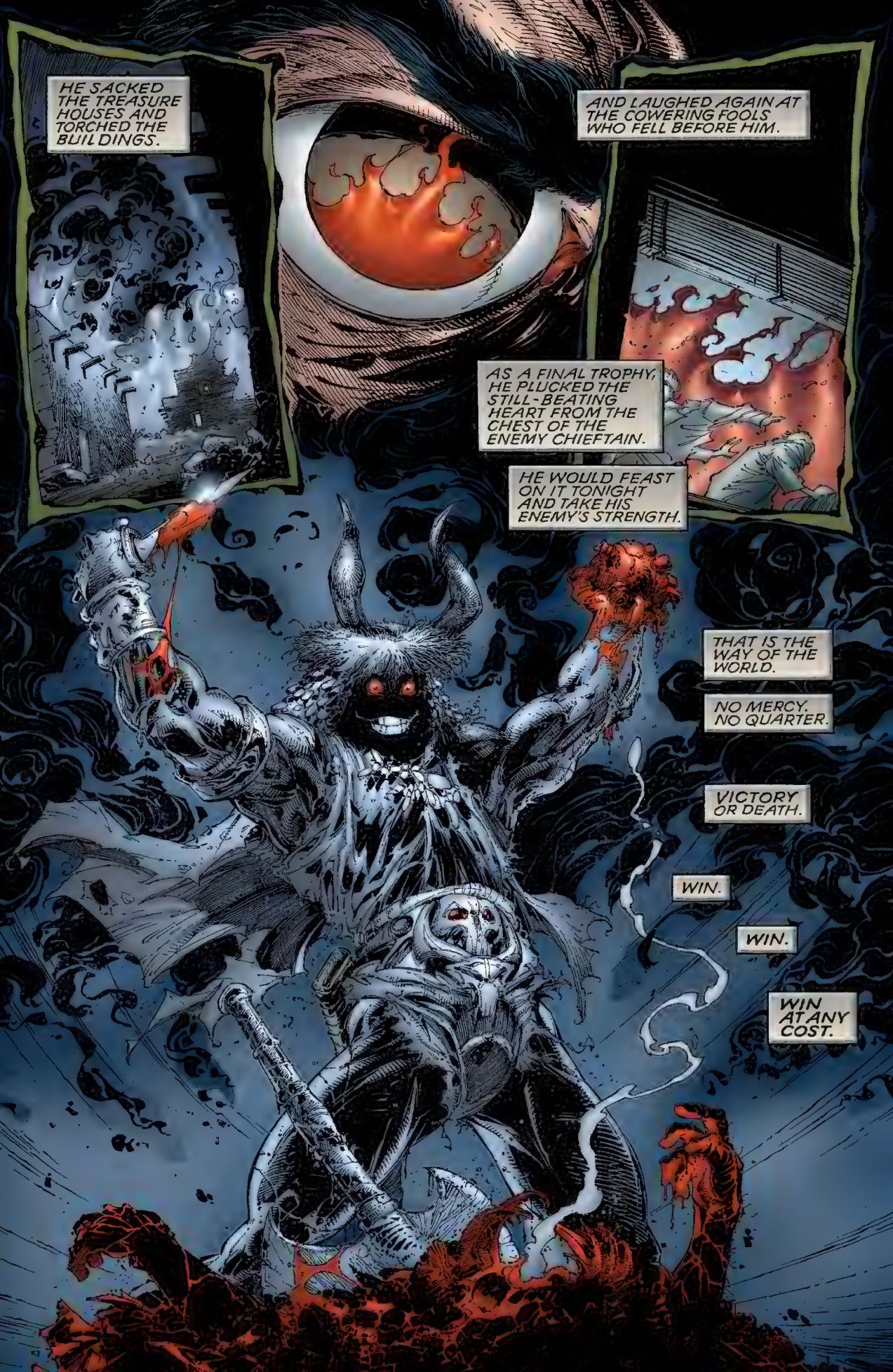
HOT BLOOD SEEPED INTO THE COLD, HARD GROUND AND THE GREAT KHAN'S SPIRIT BRIMMED WITH LAUGHTER.

THERE WAS NO MAN ALIVE WHO DID NOT FEAR HIM.

NO WIFE OR MOTHER WHO DID NOT DREAD HIS ARRIVAL.

NO CHILD WHO DID NOT SHUDDER AT THE MEREST WHISPER OF HIS NAME.

NO ARMY THAT COULD STAND BEFORE HIS CRUEL ONSLAUGHT.



HE SACKED
THE TREASURE
HOUSES AND
TORCHED THE
BUILDINGS.

AND LAUGHED AGAIN AT
THE COWERING FOOLS
WHO FELL BEFORE HIM.

AS A FINAL TROPHY,
HE PLUCKED THE
STILL-BEATING
HEART FROM THE
CHEST OF THE
ENEMY CHIEFTAIN.

HE WOULD FEAST
ON IT TONIGHT
AND TAKE HIS
ENEMY'S STRENGTH.

THAT IS THE
WAY OF THE
WORLD.

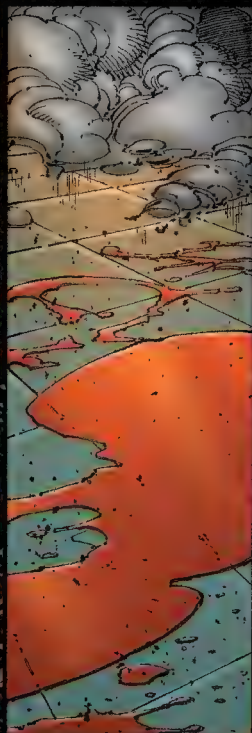
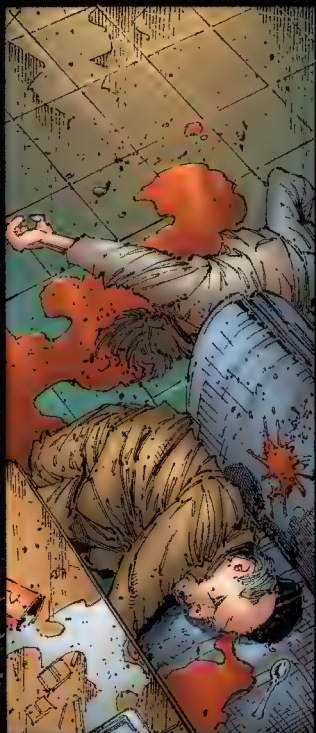
NO MERCY.
NO QUARTER.

VICTORY
OR DEATH.

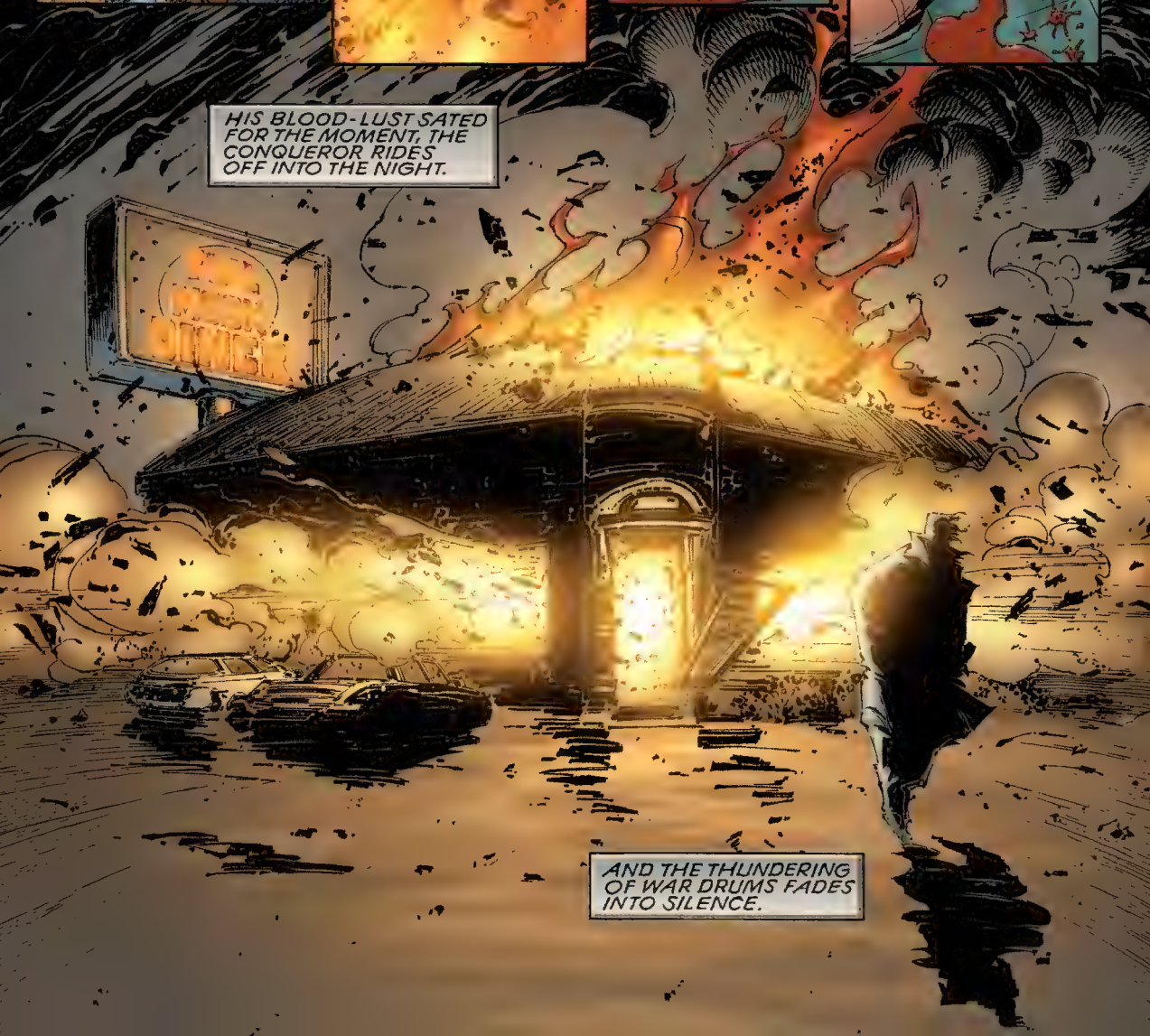
WIN.

WIN.

WIN
AT ANY
COST.



HIS BLOOD-LUST SATIATED
FOR THE MOMENT, THE
CONQUEROR RIDES
OFF INTO THE NIGHT.




AND THE THUNDERING
OF WAR DRUMS FADES
INTO SILENCE.



CHRIST!
WHAT A
FRIGGIN'
MESS.

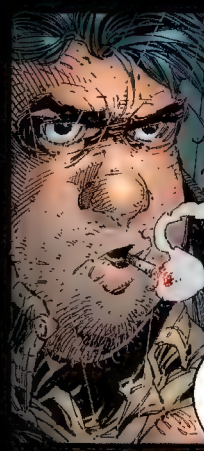
I SWEAR,
THIS
WHOLE
CITY IS
GOING TO
HELL.



HOW
BAD IS IT
INSIDE,
SILBERT?

A MASSACRE.
IT LOOKS LIKE *RIB*
NIGHT AT THE *BBQ*
HUT. GONNA HAVE TO
PRY SOME OF THOSE
POOR BASTARDS
APART JUST TO
I.D. THEM.


ANY MOTIVE,
DETECTIVE?



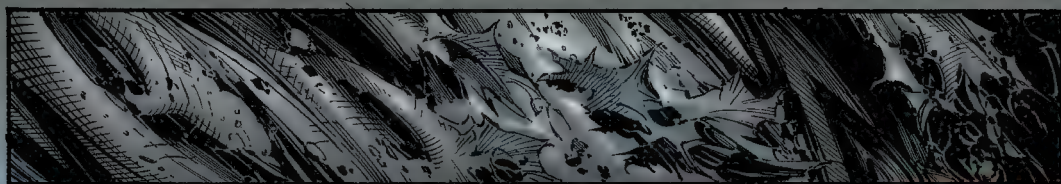
WHAT, LIKE THERE'S
A GOOD REASON TO
DO THIS? *PHAW*
WHO NEEDS MOTIVES
ANY MORE?

SUSPECTS?
ANY LEADS
AT ALL?

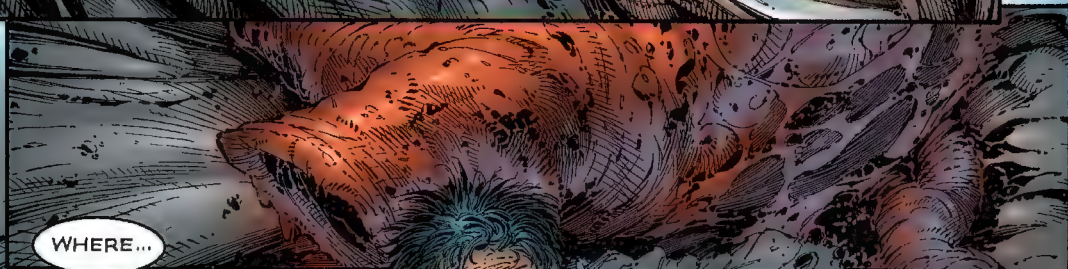
NOT YET.
PROBABLY
GONNA TAKE
A WHILE. SO
WHAT ABOUT
YOU GUYS?



WHY DO
I GET THE
FEELING YOU
KNOW MORE
THAN YOU'RE
SAYING?



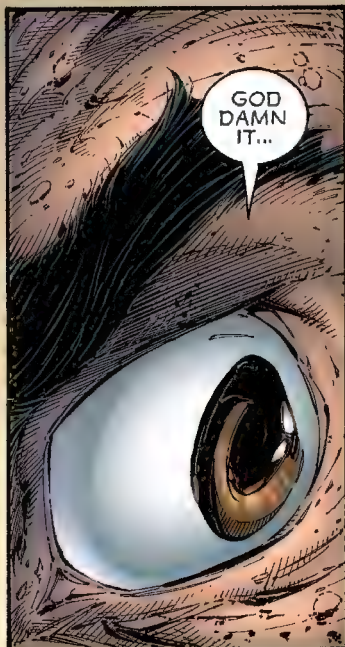
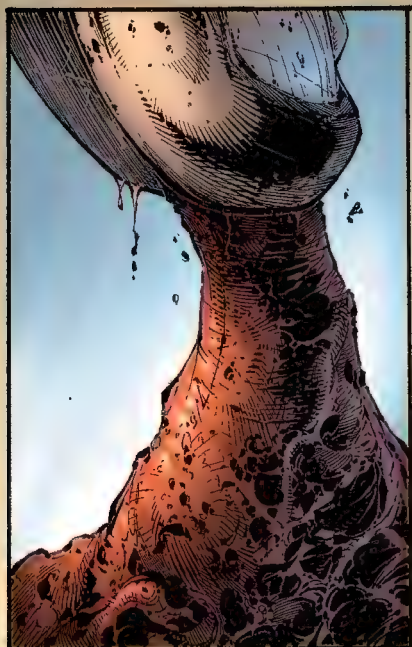
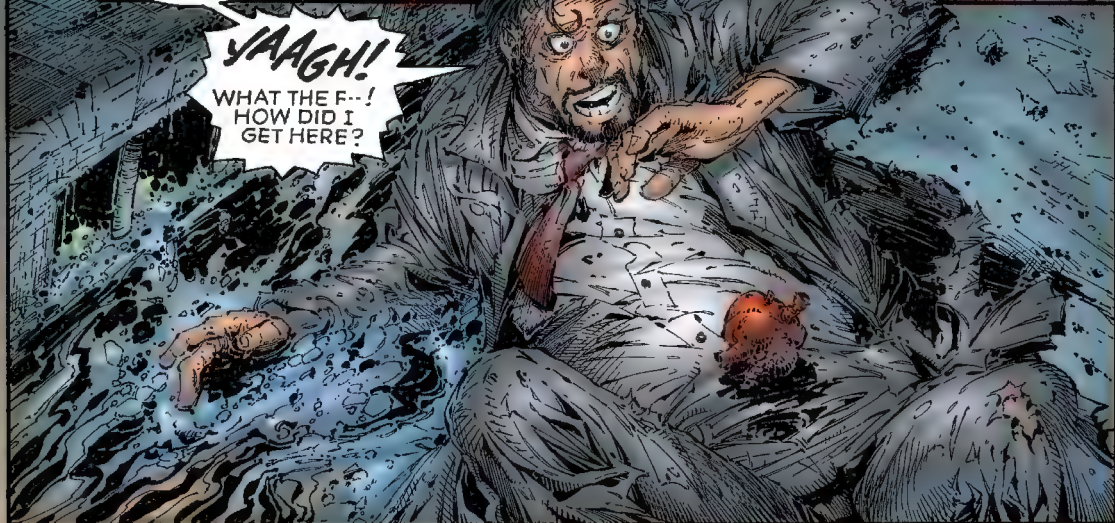
UGHNN...



WHERE...

YAAGH!

WHAT THE F---!
HOW DID I
GET HERE?



GOD
DAMN
IT...



VISION FOGGY,
HEAD THROBBING,
JASON WYNN
TRIES TO MAKE
SENSE OF HIS
SITUATION.

ABDUCTED?
DRUGGED,
PERHAPS?

GET IT TOGETHER,
JASON. WORK
THE PROBLEM.

ABOVE ALL,
STAY IN
CONTROL...

HELLO?
YEAH, THIS
IS WYNN. CONNECT ME
THROUGH TO
CENTRAL--



GIMME
DAT
PHONE,
BITCH!

GET OFF
ME! DO YOU
HAVE ANY
IDEA WHO
YOU'RE...

UFF!

SHUT
YOUR
MOUTH,
ASSWIPE.

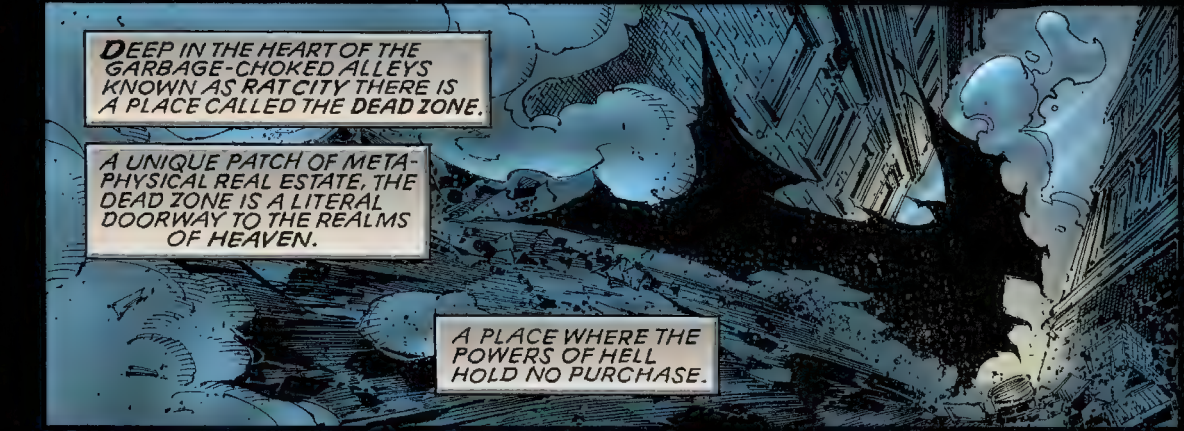


GOT THE
PHONE?

YUP.
GOT HIS
WALLET?

OH
YEAH.

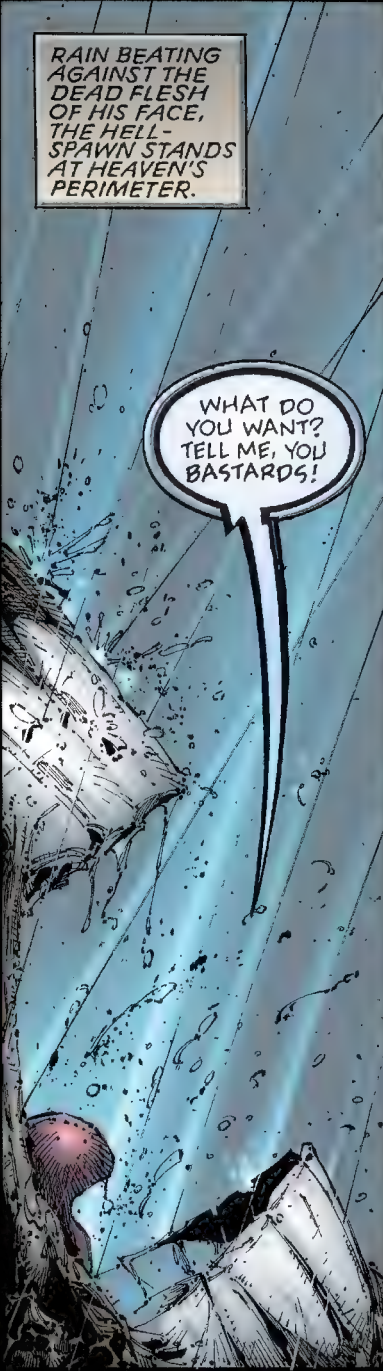




DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE
GARBAGE-CHOKED ALLEYS
KNOWN AS RAT CITY THERE IS
A PLACE CALLED THE DEAD ZONE.

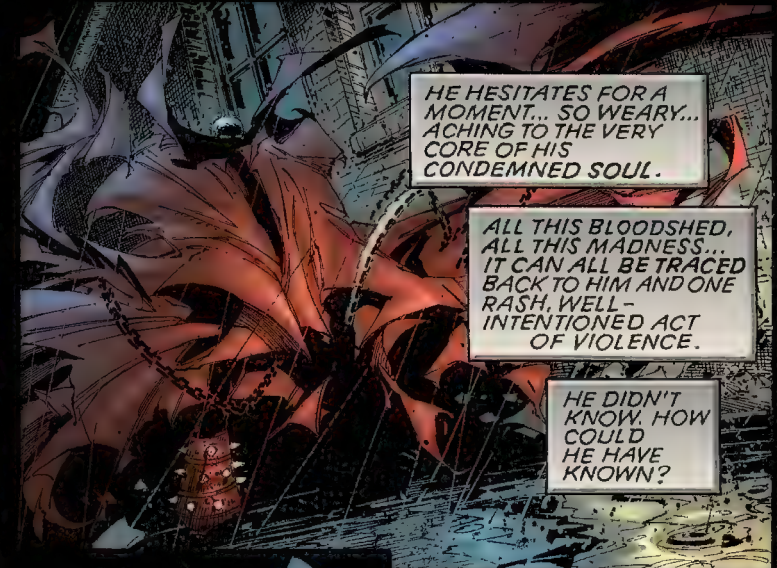
A UNIQUE PATCH OF META-
PHYSICAL REAL ESTATE, THE
DEAD ZONE IS A LITERAL
DOORWAY TO THE REALMS
OF HEAVEN.

A PLACE WHERE THE
POWERS OF HELL
HOLD NO PURCHASE.



RAIN BEATING
AGAINST THE
DEAD FLESH
OF HIS FACE,
THE HELL-
SPAWN STANDS
AT HEAVEN'S
PERIMETER.

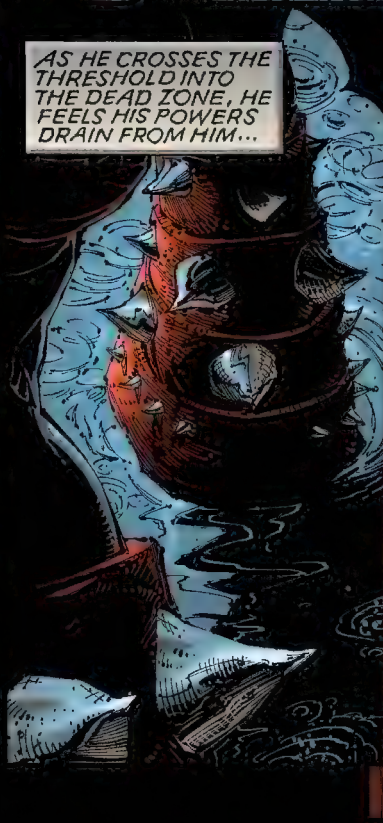
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?
TELL ME, YOU
BASTARDS!




HE HESITATES FOR A
MOMENT... SO WEARY...
ACHING TO THE VERY
CORE OF HIS
CONDEMNED SOUL.

ALL THIS BLOODSHED,
ALL THIS MADNESS...
IT CAN ALL BE TRACED
BACK TO HIM AND ONE
RASH, WELL-
INTENTIONED ACT
OF VIOLENCE.

HE DIDN'T
KNOW. HOW
COULD
HE HAVE
KNOWN?




AS HE CROSSES THE
THRESHOLD INTO
THE DEAD ZONE, HE
FEELS HIS POWERS
DRAIN FROM HIM...



HIS RAIN-
SOAKED CLOAK
AND HELL-
FORGED CHAINS
WEIGH HEAVY
ON HIM, BOW-
ING HIS BACK.


I SAID,
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT...



HE IS VULNERABLE HERE.
HELPLESS. AT THE MERCY
OF THE SHINING CITY.
SPAWN DOESN'T CARE. HE
JUST WANTS AN END TO IT ALL.

ALL THE LOSS...
ALL THE SUFFERING...
ALL THE TORTURE...

AND FOR WHAT?
FOR THE SAKE OF
SOME GRAND,
MASTER PLAN THAT
WE WRETCHED
MORTALS WILL
NEVER UNDERSTAND?

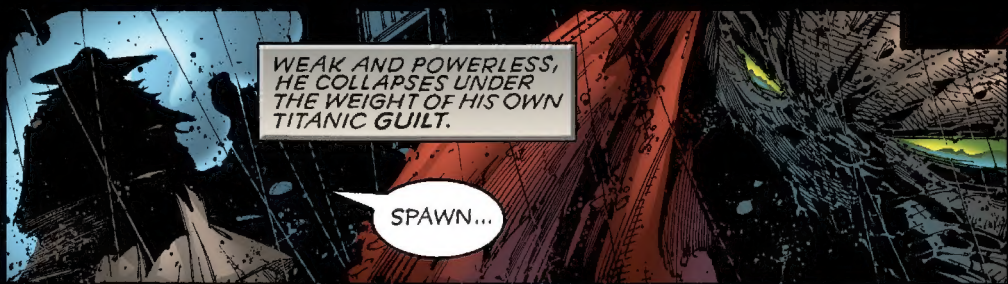


SINCE THE
BEGINNING OF
TIME, MAN
HAS RAISED
HIS VOICE TO
THE SKIES AND
BEGGED FOR
DELIVERANCE,
ONLY TO HAVE
HEAVEN TURN
A DEAF EAR.

WHY SHOULD
THIS TIME BE
ANY DIFFERENT?

WHAT
DO YOU
WANT FROM
ME,
DAMN IT?!
IS THIS ALL
JUST A GAME
TO YOU?!

HE CURSES A
HELL THAT
WOULD HARBOR
SUCH EVIL, AND
HE CURSES
A HEAVEN
THAT WOULD
ALLOW IT.



WEAK AND POWERLESS,
HE COLLAPSES UNDER
THE WEIGHT OF HIS OWN
TITANIC GUILT.

SPAWN...



SPAWN,
WE NEED TO
TALK.

THE NEXT MORNING.

=Tch=
LOSER!

DIS-
GRACE-
FUL.

WHU--?

SSSSS

HEY, BUDDY...
YOU OKAY?
YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU GOT WHACKED
IN THE MELON
PRETTY GOOD.

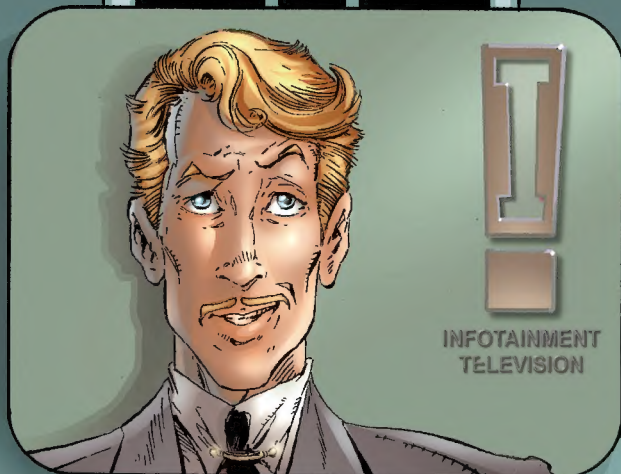
I SAID,
ARE YOU
OKAY? DON'T
MIND THEM
PEOPLE, MAKES
'EM FEEL GOOD
TO HAVE SOME-
ONE TO LOOK
DOWN ON.

C'MON. LET
ME GET YOU
SOMETHING TO
EAT. 'N YOU LOOK
LIKE YOU COULD
USE A DRINK,
TOO...

BY THE
WAY,
NAME'S
BOBBY.



... FULL MOON DINER, THE SITE OF LAST NIGHT'S GRISLY SLAYINGS. AT THIS TIME, POLICE OFFER LITTLE INFORMATION ABOUT THE INVESTIGATION. WHAT IS CERTAIN IS THAT A PERSON OR PERSONS UNKNOWN ENTERED THE POPULAR ALL-NIGHT EATERY SHORTLY AFTER 1:00 A.M., AND OPENED FIRE ON THE CROWD BEFORE SETTING THE ESTABLISHMENT ABLAZE. REPORTS CONFIRM MORE THAN ONE DOZEN DEAD IN THE ATTACK. POLICE WILL NOT RELEASE THE NAMES OF ANY OF THE DECEASED UNTIL ALL THE VICTIMS HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AND THEIR FAMILIES NOTIFIED.



WELL, EVERYONE IN THE **WESTERN HEMISPHERE** SEEMS TO BE GEARING UP FOR THE RELEASE OF THE LATEST CHAPTER IN A CERTAIN **ABSURDLY** POPULAR SERIES OF SCI-FI FILMS. **YOU** KNOW, THE ONE FROM A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY... SO, OF COURSE, THAT MEANS **LOTS** MORE TOYS, VIDEO GAMES, T-SHIRTS AND FAST-FOOD TIE-INS. BUT THAT'S NOT **ALL**. IT'S ALSO GOING TO MEAN **HIGHER TICKET PRICES**. YES, THAT'S RIGHT. TICKET PRICES ARE GOING UP IN MOST MAJOR CITIES, **JUST** IN TIME FOR THE MOTHER OF ALL BLOCKBUSTERS. THAT MEANS A TRIP TO THE CINEMA, PLUS POPCORN AND A COUPLE OF SODAS COULD NOW REQUIRE MANY MOVIEGOERS TO GET A SECOND JOB. SO, **STILL** PLANNING ON SEEING IT TWELVE TIMES?



ANYONE REMEMBER **JASON WYNN**? ACCORDING TO MY SOURCES, THE SHADOWY **U. S. SECURITY GROUP** DIRECTOR MAY BE LOOKING FOR A NEW JOB. RUMOR HAS IT THAT INTERNAL CONFLICTS AND A LACK OF CONFIDENCE IN WYNN'S... SHALL WE SAY... "MANAGEMENT TACTICS" FORCED HIS REMOVAL FROM THE DIRECTORSHIP. AS FOR **WHOSE** FOOTPRINT WAS ON WYNN'S ASS WHEN HE WAS SHOWN THE DOOR... WELL... LET'S JUST SAY THERE'S A **VERY** LONG LIST OF CANDIDATES, ONE OF WHICH MIGHT LEAD ALL THE WAY TO 1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE. OFFICIALLY, **NO ONE** WILL GO ON RECORD AND WYNN, OF COURSE, COULD **NOT** BE REACHED FOR COMMENT...





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE